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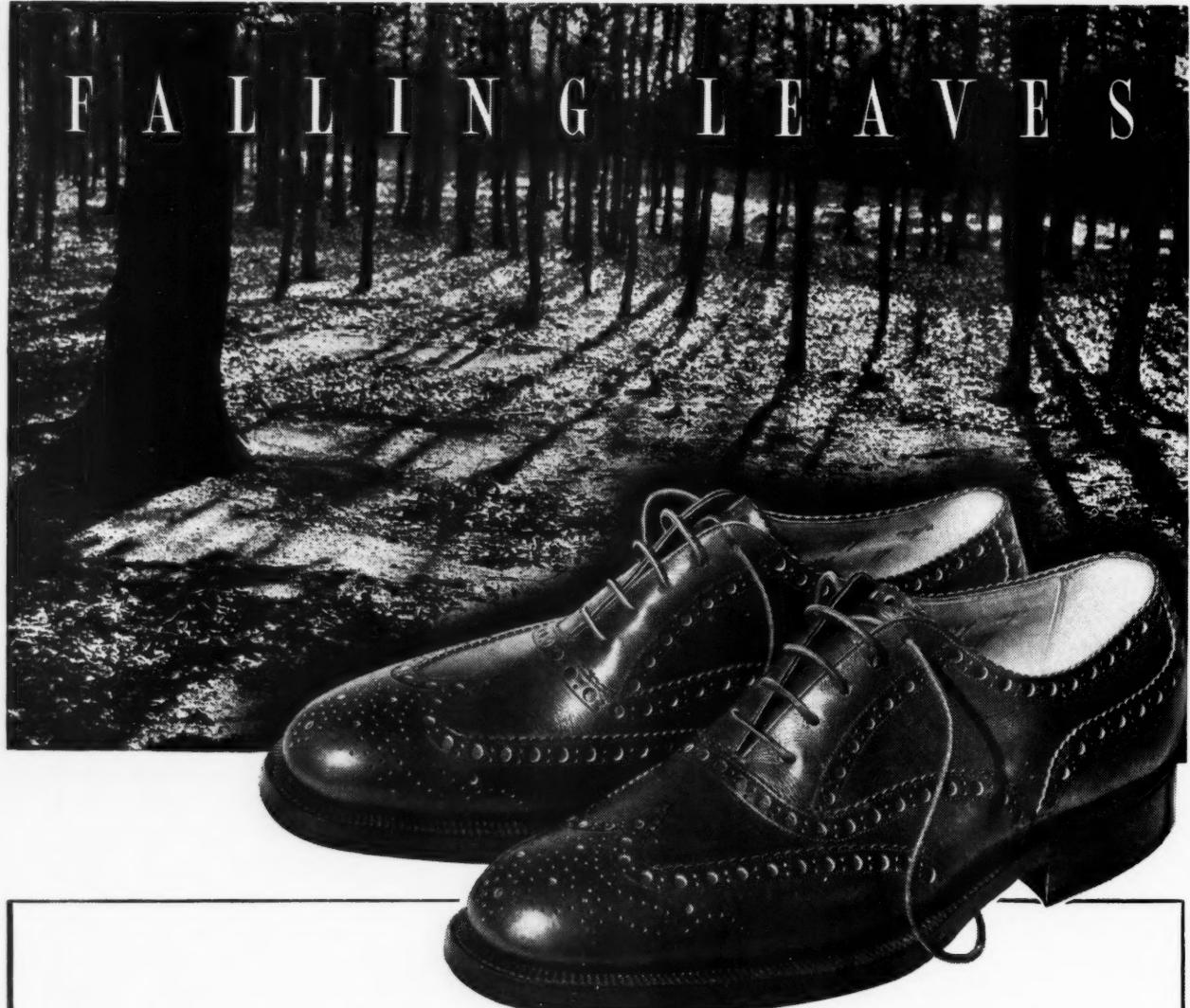


"Fit and Forget"



Sparkling Plugs

F A L L I N G L E A V E S



"Autumn—with its falling leaves—like tears shed for departed Summer. But through the tears gleams the sunshine inviting a tramp in the keen air. And so, off through the woods—snapping my fingers at the thought of the treacherous wet that lurks beneath the carpet of leaves, for my brogues are of just the right degree of Autumn-Winter weight. Confident in their smartness beneath the brilliant sunshine, they yet give that perfect sense of warmth and comfort and well-being that my shoes always give—you see they're Saxone! No others for me—ever."

Style 168/6. Stout Brogue in Brown Gorse Calf with heavy Autumn soles, suitable for country wear - 42/-

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shoes
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SAXONE SHOE COMPANY LIMITED, KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND

Charivaria.

As a conversationalist, it is claimed, the high-class modern hairdresser can hold his own with most of his cultured clients. In fact he's rather inclined to talk over their heads.

★ ★ ★

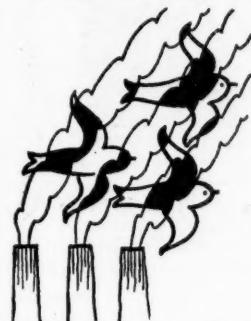
"If the barometer falls suddenly, isn't that a sign it's stormy?" asks a reader. Either that or the nail's come out.

★ ★ ★

A recent exhibition of pottery included a section devoted to designs on china. It is somewhat significant that most of them were Japanese.

★ ★ ★

At a village cricket match a batsman put three successive balls into the belfry of the church—which probably put three successive bats into the belfry of the bowler.



A pure white sparrow is reported to have taken up its abode on the outskirts of Manchester. Perhaps it is tired of being pure white.

★ ★ ★

"I've made my husband a fruit pie every day for twenty years. Don't you think that is remarkable?" asks a correspondent in a woman's paper. The pie or the husband?

★ ★ ★

A traveller remarks that it is not much use visiting South America without plenty of money. Absconders have always recognised this.

★ ★ ★

"This summer's weather has been anything but good for the spirits," declares a writer. There's been altogether too much water with it.

★ ★ ★

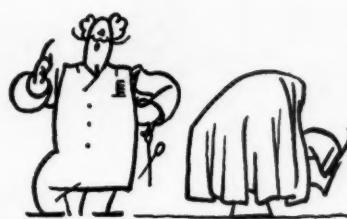
"Bank clerk's play," announces a heading. We trust that the characters aren't seriously overdrawn.

★ ★ ★

A Chinese dictionary in the course of preparation at Shanghai is to contain nearly 7,000,000 characters. That should make it easy to dispose of the film rights.

★ ★ ★

"It is unhealthy to lick the gummed side of a postage-stamp," announces



a doctor. It takes longer, however, to lick the other side and wait till it works through.

★ ★ ★

A producer says that the public is tired of mediæval costume films and wants smart modern comedies. He's going to cut out the ruff stuff.

★ ★ ★

Accidentally locked in a City office a boy threw a pocket dictionary through the window to attract attention, but it merely landed on a roof. Words seem to have failed him.

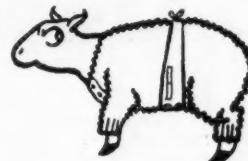
★ ★ ★

A certain European dictator is said to be able to buy all his clothes ready-made. Even hats?

★ ★ ★

"I do not like to see wool being worn next to the skin in the very hot weather," says a physician. Sheep are often irritated by the same thing.

★ ★ ★



It is stated that seven men simultaneously tugging at a new type of cloth could not sever it. Apparently none of them hit on the idea of using a pair of scissors.

★ ★ ★

A seismologist predicts a series of eruptions in the region of Australia in a few months' time. Can this mean that LARWOOD is going after all?

★ ★ ★

Which reminds us that the Australians believe they have another BRADMAN in a young cricketer called PEPPER. Dare we hope to be the first to point out that he must be pretty hot stuff?

★ ★ ★

A retired admiral protests that if they could see the amount of tea drunk in the Navy to-day, NELSON and DRAKE would turn in their graves. He seems to have forgotten for the moment that DRAKE is in his hammock.

★ ★ ★



More boy babies than girls were born in Germany last year. France probably regards this as proof positive of something, even if she has not yet discovered what.

WHAT DID MR. PUNCH SAY IN 1879?



"EDISON'S TELEPHONOSCOPE (TRANSMITS LIGHT AS WELL AS SOUND).

[Every evening, before going to bed, Pater- and Mater-familias set up an electric camera-obscura over their bedroom mantelpiece, and gladden their eyes with the sight of their children at the Antipodes, and converse gaily with them through the wire.]

[Reprinted from "Punch Almanack," 1879.]

Europe from the Outside.

WHAT is happening in Europe to-day?

I asked myself this bold question in my bath this morning and almost before the soap had dried on the back of my neck the answer was beginning to take shape in my mind. Europe, I said to myself, is in a state of unrest—economic, political, social and psychological unrest. She is like a ship without a sheet-anchor. She is tossed, I said, illustrating her plight with the aid of my nail-brush, on a sea of troubles.

But I didn't stop at this. I got right down to bedrock. I went through the map of Europe with a tooth-comb, looking for danger-spots; and here is a summary of my conclusions.

France.—What I want to know about France is, "Is BLUM to blame?" If the answer is No I shall be sorely disappointed. Because it seems to me that "BLUM is to blame," makes as fine a slogan as one could ask for in these difficult times. Of course if it is asked, "What is BLUM to blame for?" then that raises a further question, which might in turn lead to complications of a grave kind. But in general it may be said that if it is impossible to find something to blame a Premier for, then politics are most emphatically not what they were. So what I say is, "Down with BLUM."

Turning for a moment to France's foreign relationships we find that she is nervous. She has been nervous, off and on, for the last hundred years, but rarely perhaps more nervous than she is to-day. And whom is she afraid of? Germany. France is afraid of Germany, Germany is afraid

of Russia and Russia is afraid of Japan. That's a perfectly straightforward international situation, which may at any moment precipitate a conflict of unparalleled immensity but presents in other respects few difficulties. But whom is Poland afraid of? Strictly speaking and looking at the matter from a purely geographical point of view, Poland ought to be afraid of Russia, and Germany of Poland. But I find no evidence of this. Can it be that Poland is afraid of nobody? It seems unthinkable, doesn't it, that any civilised country should take up such an attitude at the present time? Play the game, Poland.

We have got rather a long way from France so we will take *Italy* next. Just about a year ago the Abyssinian War, easily the most glorious feat of arms in the history of the Italian nation, was getting under way. But everybody, with the possible exception of the Abyssinians, has forgotten that now. MUSSOLINI bathes, he flies, he rides a motorcycle, he gathers in the harvest at a shilling an hour. Can he, in these circumstances, be called a danger-spot? Is it to be supposed for a moment that he is planning, as he sits in the sea, an *Anschluss* with Germany, a *volte face* against France, or a *Poltergeist* in Algiers? No. I said it this morning with my head under the water, and I say it again now. No.

Take *Hungary* then. We are getting into deep waters now, because Admiral HORTHY (pronounced Hunks, I dare say), Hungary's popular Regent, has been shooting chamois with thingummy—SCHUSCHNIGG or one of those—and these hunting parties are the devil. Even Dido hardly committed herself more irrevocably on a hunting-party than these



THE TELEVISIONARY.

"I DON'T CARE HOW LONG IT TAKES ME, I'M GOING TO TURN AND TURN TILL I GET A SIGHT OF PEACE."



"MORNIN', MADAM—YOUR PATH IS VERY MUDDY."
 "MUDDY BE BLOWED! ME 'USBAND 'AD A DAY ORF TO CEMENT IT."

Central European statesmen seem to do the moment they go after boars or wolves. So what, one asks, is Admiral HORTHY (the "o" is silent, probably) up to? Pulling the chamois leather over somebody's eyes, I'll be bound. And, come to that, what is Hungary doing with an admiral anyway? Where is the Hungarian Navy? Concealed in the bushes near Buda-Pesth very likely, and ready to slip down the Danube into Jugo-Slavia at a moment's notice. The whole situation teems with difficulties. There is the Little Entente for one thing, and the Treaty of Trianon and the whole broad question of whereabouts on the map Czechoslovakia may be. These are problems which will have to be settled one way or the other in the next ten years, and bring us to—

The Balkans.—It would be idle to pretend that the Balkans are quite what they were politically. They don't set the Chancelleries of Europe in a buzz as they used to do. There is too much uncertainty, for one thing, as to what countries actually are in the Balkans nowadays. Serbia used to come under that heading, I believe, before the War, and is now part of Jugo-Slavia. But you wouldn't include Jugo-Slavia in the Balkans, would you? Or would you? I don't know at all. But I sang this in my bath this morning—

"King CAROL, King ZOG and King BORIS.
 Went down for a walk by the sea;
 Kings CAROL and ZOG
 Got lost in a bog,
 And BORIS begins with a B."

This is a mnemonic, designed to keep one in mind of the kings down in those parts; but of course I realise that it has lost much of its value since KING GEORGE II. returned to Greece. One might work him in somehow with a bit of wangling, but I think we have had about enough of the Balkans.

Practically the only country I haven't mentioned yet is *Great Britain*. Is Great Britain a danger-spot? I think so. We have enormously the most powerful Navy in Europe, our Air Force is being expanded at a phenomenal rate, and our Army has recently carried out manoeuvres clearly designed to prepare it for war. More significant still, we have so many interests scattered over the face of the globe that nobody can make a move anywhere without threatening one or other of them. So watch Britain.

These are the conclusions I came to about Europe in my bath this morning. You can take them or leave them.

H. F. E.

Literary Associations.

James Bilger was a writer
 Whose books were grim and bleak,
 Which meant the gloomy blighter
 Earned quite a lot per week,
 Since notable reviewers
 Extolled him to a man,
 And no abode was *à la mode*
 Without a Bilger fan.

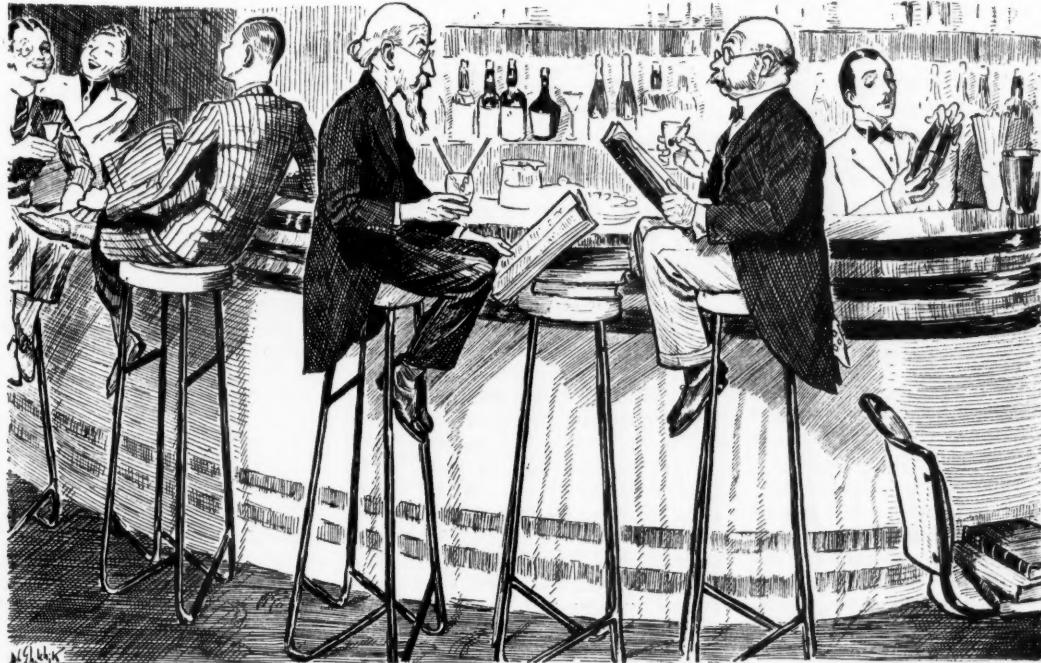
As might have been expected,
 Renowned became the spots
 Fictitiously frequented
 By Bilger's rustic sots;
 Famed was the "Bilger country"
 For scenes of stark decay,
 Where rural crimes had high old times
 On farms that did not pay.

A region dull and dreary,
 Whose folk were mostly bad,
 Where all the men were beery
 And half the women mad,

Until, to Bilger's horror,
 This land of waste and gloom
 Rose from its literary pit—
 In short, began to boom.

Though some still had their grouses,
 Yet anyone could tell
 That tea- and public-houses
 Were doing very well.
 As vast and wide the traffic
 Of Bilger fan hordes grew,
 Farmers and wives led better lives,
 Which shows what trade can do.

Beholding such vile treason
 To realistic art,
 Poor Bilger lost his reason
 And broke his savage heart.
 Stroll past the "Bilger Tea Rooms"
 And see (if doubt's your sin)
 Where Bilger shot his brains to pot
 Outside the "Bilger Inn." D. C.



"WE'LL GET USED TO THE GAYER NOTE IN TIME, PROFESSOR. REMEMBER, IT WAS A QUESTION OF ATTRACTING NEW MEMBERS BY MODERNISING THE OLD MAUSOLEUM OR CLOSING THE CLUB ENTIRELY."

Memories of Parnassus.

I ENTERED Oxbridge under the ægis of N. R. Rootler—"Rooty" as he was then called—a distant cousin of the Duke of Matchingham on his mother's side, and one of the most modest men I have ever known. Poor "Rooty" used to contribute light verse, poems and essays to the *Mauve Grunter*, then edited by "Whiffs" Arkwright, a third-year man for whom great things were already prophesied. It was "Rooty" who wrote the following celebrated quatrain on the same day, I remember, that "Biffs" Spencer broke his leg chasing a rat down the High. "Biffs," who was a "Rugger" Blue and a well-known oarsman, was distantly related to the Portfolio family, whose seat is in Essex, and later became editor of the *Tory Record*, an opposition paper started by Lord "Wheezy" Molverton whose father was mobbed in Whitehall on the occasion of the throwing-out of the Dissemination Bill shortly after GLADSTONE had retired. "Rooty's" quatrain went something like this:—

"A woman called Hubbard
Went to a cupboard
To get a bone for her cat;
When she arrived
There wasn't a bone
And the cat got none."

Alas, I cannot remember the closing stanza, but the delighted laughter that greeted its first appearance in the *Mauve Grunter* still rings vividly in my memory through the mist of years.

Poor "Bootles" (who was a don at the same college as my cousin, poor "Squibs" Carstair) afterwards wrote a letter to my father, who was then residing at Longshore, which he had rented from "Muffet" Browning, a descendant of the playwright. "Muffet" was one of the finest-looking men I have ever seen, with a charm of manner that gained him instant popularity wherever he went. His caustic manner concealed one of the kindest of hearts. On one occasion he was summoned by the Provost for some trifling breach of University regulations, and the following dialogue took place. I was not present myself, however; my informant was poor "Figgs" Fletcher, a connexion of the Duke of Broadstone, who later became chairman

of the Wheatgrowers' Association, and is still alive.

The Provost. "What induced you to behave so foolishly?"

Muffet. "I really can't say, Sir."

The Provost. "Well, don't do it again."

Another very remarkable contemporary of mine was "Buffs" Butler. Poor "Buffs"! His scintillating wit was never better illustrated than at a dinner given by the Master of one of the lesser colleges at which poor "Wilks" Standing was another guest. After "Wilks" had left the room, N.R.K. (as we humorously called him) made a short speech decrying disestablishment. Nesbit and myself were the spokesmen for the opposition faction. After we had finished, "Buffs" lifted a wine-glassful of port and dis-

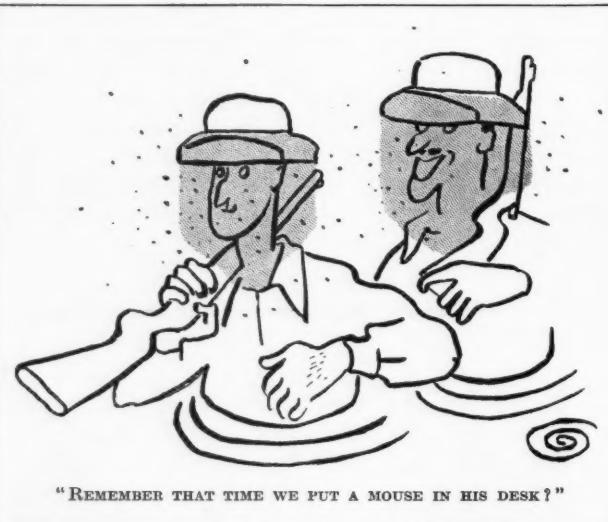
Poor "Billy" Sudfield, one of the most brilliant men of my year, was the reputed author of that typical specimen of sly *Mauve* humour. (His uncle, who became Bishop of Whelkstone in succession to poor "Suddy" Smithson, was one of the most handsome men I have ever seen, and could lift a horse without touching the ground.)

Island Story.

"THE señores will desire to see round the iss-land—no?" inquired the man in the peaked cap, in whose breath gin and garlic waged civil war. "I am to your service. I am best guide in the iss-land,—there is in fact no other—and to-day it happens we make no revolution or execution or little up- settings of those kind. Yesterday? No, Señor, we have never the earthquake, that yesterday was but the election. In a week all will emerge from the hospital. Except perhaps the successful one, for they do him the congratulations English style, with the tar and feathers. He did not observe it at the time, having celebrate from many bottles, taking always the whisky tidy until he have passed outside. A good fellow, I knew him before he went for politics, when he used to work.

To-day will be nothing of that, no voting, no shooting, not even a hold-ups. How I know? He has give up the business, our brigand; he practise no more. Once he was partner from my father, from whom I inherit the business. My father guide the tourists up the mountain—many parties of Englishs he has guidden—where Maldoni, the brigand, he captivate them and remove their money. It made a pleasant breakage in the see-sighting, something to tell when they return to the cruiser; and all prefer to have their money honestly stolen than paid for my father's guidance. For as my father grew more venerable his memory failed, and he has sometimes passed a place to drink.

Of Maldoni? He grow discouraged with his last captures. The ones-but-last, they were Americans and need too much attention. They say it is not good efficient kidnapping like they are accustomed at home. They complain there is no ice-water. They smile and shrug the eyebrow to see there is



charged the contents full in the Master's face, observing as he did so, "This wine is no better than hogs-wash!"

Speaking—or, I should say, writing—of N. R. K. reminds me of a good story for the truth of which I cannot vouch. His brother (who was born the same year as myself) had an aptitude for composing dithyrambics after the style of HORACE, a gift which excited the envy, not to say jealousy, of a certain classical-minded don. The upshot was as follows. When N.R.K. returned from short vac. intending to take up residence at Bute's, he was greeted by the following trochaic dipody chalked in a prominent position on the buttery wall:—

"Mary avait parvam agneau,
Son wool erat blancum, you know,
Et si ad mensam Mary went,
Hoc lamb allait aussi, scio!"



"ANYWAY, THE YOUNG MAN LAST YEAR NEVER FORGOT TO TELL US WHEN TO PUT OUR WATERPROOFS ON."

no machine-gun and no bombs, and advise him to study in Chicago. Maldoni take it to the heart, and since then he jump with nerves whenever a mule bray through the nose.

But the very ultimates, they thoroughly put the wind out of him. It was an English pair, a married coupling as you call. Oh, certainly they were married, it can have been no pleasure for either of them. The man wore hairy bloomers, and at once inform Maldoni to do again the hold-ups, so he can photograph it with his moving-picture instrument. He say this is for something he have at home, called The Kiddis. He furtherly say The Kiddis will much appreciate Maldoni's autograph. But Maldoni refuse with severeness, he does not wish to admit he never heard of such machine. The señora have much feet and wear a trouser, and seeing that end first, he think it is a man; then he see her in the altogether and realise what is what. She look him down and up and say he have no glammah—though to this day, Señor, Maldoni

cannot remember himself what he forget to wear—and then that he have not the sex-appeal for his job and is too fat. He say he was thin before. She say maybe, but not behind—or after, or sincely, as you say, Señor. How rich is your language!—and then she become really personal, asking if he can touch himself the toes. He respond why not, he wash quite often in the summer. So she show him her reducing excercises, and make him do them, and skip with a rope, and roll on the ground until he perspire from foot to head and everywhere between, and the señor husband say The Kiddis will roar. Then she offer to show Maldoni the more strenuous excercises, and the señor add that the Kiddis will scream. Maldoni offer them money, his earnings for two days, to go away far off, but she slap him on the back and propose to take him in the hand. At that he run with haste down the mountain and place himself underneath of police protection. And he stir no foot nor hand until their cruiser have left.

So you see, Señor, it is safe to hire me, for since then Maldoni has, like I tell, lost his practice. He has end behind bars, as everyone was propheting, for he is cashiered at the corner restaurant. It is indeed a come-low in the world, though I have heard that in a way he uses still his pastly occupation."

The Substantial Bond

"At Vienna, Dr. Schuschnigg declared that the agreement ensured European peace, adding: 'Fat binds both German peoples together.'"—*New Zealand Paper*.

Serious Outlook for Philistines.

"FINED £30 FOR HAVING CRUDE SPIRIT." *Scottish Paper*.

"CROSSWORD PRIZE GOES TO
SCOTTISH HAMLET."

Headline.

For "Wurrrds, wurrrds, wurrrds"?

"It is the lifted face that feels the warmth of the sun."—*Chapel Notice-Board*.

Naturally, it is still a little tender after the operation.

Brookmanspark.

(With acknowledgments to Mr. CHARLES MORGAN and
"Sparkenbroke")

Who hears? In all the outer dark
Who tunes his set to Brookmanspark?
Here on the air is silence song.
What moves? A Wave. What sounds? A Gong. B.

THE lines were carved on the concrete support of the great aerial, and the work was recent. She traced the letters with her finger. B.? Could that be Lord Brookmanspark? This was his own broadcasting station, named with his name, instinct with his presence; she had heard of his strange preoccupation with the fact of broadcasting, his personal and, to her, inexplicable view of it; these must be his own lines, and she read them again eagerly as if she hoped they would yield her some sight of their mysterious and elusive author.

She did not understand them. It was not in the nature of any woman, of any human being, to understand them or him; his confidence that he was a genius would have been severely shaken had he believed this possible; but she had, he discovered when they met, a happy and unique faculty of intuition by which she could grasp the splendour and extent of his godlike qualities of mind, and be properly awed by them, without at any time giving him the uncomfortable sense that she must be nearly as clever as he. This made her a most soothing and unexacting companion, and it seemed too good to be true that she should be also beautiful. Yet she was, and he thought: if this were a book I should undoubtedly regard her as a wish-fulfilment.

She became linked in his mind with the final immensities of life, among which he counted broadcasting. It was as if he regarded broadcasting as the momentary return to a continuous reality from which everyday unpublicised speech and music were merely divagations. Ordinary talk had the pettiness of immediacy; it was stifled by its purely local application no less than by its lack of physical range. He could not remember when he had not believed this, and he thought: if broadcasting had not existed it would have been necessary to invent it. He had once said: it is essential for the voice to soar, and Herbert had replied: sore? Where are you sore? That was the worst of talking philosophy to a doctor.

The intermittent materialism of Herbert—intermittent, for often he talked as if his mind had developed a patch of extreme metaphysical sensitivity, like the coarse skin of a frog beneath which a biologist has transplanted an embryonic eye—was one of the tingling annoyances with which the genius of Brookmanspark had to contend. Another was that Alice with her magic, comforting intuition was Herbert's wife, and faithful to him. A third was his intense, gnawing preoccupation with the search for perfection in his work.

At all hours of the day or night he broadcast, for he never knew when, under the fanning wings of inspiration, he would be visited by the desire to exhibit his disembodied mind. When the mood was on him he slept, ate, lived by the microphone. He would start up from his couch beneath it and call his manservant.

Switch on, Coppitt.

Talking again, m'lord?

Talking again, Coppitt.

He would talk until he was hoarse, move away exhausted for a little food and drink, and return to the microphone refreshed. But his inner voice of self-criticism, immeasurably more honest than that of all other possible broad-

casters, was never silent. It was not his fault that it never found anything very pertinent to say. It is enough, he thought, to admit this voice at all: it shows a very nice spirit in a genius to listen, and he looked on, as if with an indulgent smile, while the voice of self-criticism sought in vain for some flaw in his performance.

Sometimes he would break off in the heart of a sentence, weary and arrogant at the thought that there was possibly some fool listening and venturing to criticise, unblessed by the intuition that it was a blazing genius who spoke. Brookmanspark would make a gesture to Coppitt, and Coppitt would switch off, impassively, and ask whether he were needed any more that evening.

No. Good-night, Coppitt.

Good-night, m'lord.

Coppitt had all the good qualities of Jeeves without Jeeves' tendency to dominate. Brookmanspark found a pencil and wrote, now, on the edge of the notice that cried silently for silence:

What books may close, in the clear sky above the glass pinnacles,
Above the cut leaves . . .

He dropped the pencil as Alice entered, more full of intuition than he had ever seen her.

"You've come!"

"I?"

"Who else?"

"Oh! . . . Yes," she said softly. "But then—you? And you?"

"I? Ah," he murmured, while his mind threw up the corollary *And sometimes w and y* which he rejected, "for me there is but one reality. You have heard me speak of it."

"I have heard you," she said, a little weary he thought, almost as if her intuition had not been at work for the moment, and then, raising her head: "I have come to tell you—"

"I?" he said, thinking: I should have said, me? but that would have been absurd. "What have you come to tell me?"

"I? That I must go," and with hardly a movement she was gone. In that moment he suddenly knew that he could broadcast again. He called Coppitt, who came blinking.

"Switch on, Coppitt."

"Talking again, m'lord?"

"Talking again, Coppitt," and Coppitt stared at the light in his master's eyes as he turned the switch and Brookmanspark began to speak. He's a genius, thought Coppitt, that's what he is.

R. M.



"Wanted immediately, 3 First-class Waiters; must have tails; salary 20/-, all found."—*Daily Paper*.

Ars Longa

"Dancing.—Good work has been done in all the classes. The 1st Division had learnt two exceedingly difficult dances, which they do moderately well; and the 2nd Division had made enormous strides during the year."—*Local Paper*.

"When both the Industrial and Railway average prices move together in the same direction, it is usually safe to infer that that trend is likely to continue until one or both of the averages change direction."—*Financial Paper*.

Of course it takes a financier to see that.



"DO YOU REMEMBER, MY DEAR—



TELLING ME—



LAST NIGHT—



TO PUT THE CAT OUT—



AND AT THE SAME TIME—

TO SEE IF BABY WANTED
ANYTHING?—

WELL, I EVIDENTLY—



GAVE THE CAT—



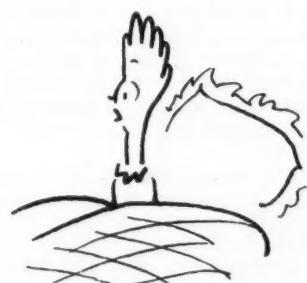
A JUG OF CREAM ALL RIGHT—



BUT WHAT PUZZLES ME—



IS THAT I CAN'T FIND BABY—



ANYWHERE OUTSIDE!"

Jongasse

At the Pictures.

GARY AND LIONEL.

HAVING always thought *It Happened One Night* one of the best of film comedies, I went cheerfully to see *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town*, since it has



J.H.D.

AIDS TO THOUGHT

Longfellow Deeds . . . GARY COOPER.

the same director, FRANK CAPRA, and the same leading man, GARY COOPER; and I was not disappointed. There are a few dull moments in it and even a few stupid ones—as when *Longfellow Deeds* (GARY COOPER), a very obvious philanthropical hick, is taken by *Babe Bennett* (JEAN ARTHUR), a journalist in New York looking out for scoops, to a sophisticated night-joint for supper; and when, after felling two poets with his tremendous uppercut, he is not thrown out; and when he and the *Babe* sing and play "Swanee River" together and particularly when he incites his three men-servants to shout so that he may hear the echo; but these are trifles, even if rather tiresome ones, and it is when the Court scene arrives, in which the sanity or insanity of *Deeds* is to be established, that the film really begins and the spectator is rewarded. But by the time the film is over, two full hours have passed, which is half-an-hour too long.

The trial of *Deeds* is, in a word, perfect, every drop of drama that is possible being extracted from it. To condense the speech of *John Cedar* the lawyer (DOUGLASS DUMBRILLE), who wishes to capture the *Deeds* millions for his clients and himself, I shall say that he argues that *Deeds* is incapable of managing his own affairs because (a) he plays the tuba; (b) he

gave doughnuts to a horse; (c) he came home in his underclothes, and (d) he is proposing to employ seventeen million of his twenty million dollars in the restitution of a number of ruined farms. At first, in a manner which the audience finds almost maddening, *Deeds* refuses to be defended or to defend himself; and then, relenting, he takes the stand and proves (a) that his tuba-playing was merely an act to assist concentration, just as, for the same purpose, the *Judge* (most admirably played by H. B. WARNER) fills in with ink the o's in his agenda paper, and the alienist draws comic pictures on it; and (b and c) that when he fed a horse with doughnuts and undressed, he was drunk, just as *Mr. Cedar's* son had been a few nights before, and just as in his youth the *Judge* probably had been; and (d) in helping agriculturists he was doing what he could to help also the Government. Needless to say that our old friend Mr. WARNER returns the proper verdict, and *Deeds*, having once more exercised that mighty uppercut—this time on the lawyer—is carried victoriously from the court.

Some of it very irregular and all very improbable; but cordial.

In the search for nice things to say about *The Devil Doll*, I cannot withhold the information that LIONEL BARRYMORE makes a charming old

ones. In their new miniature state do they persist as dogs? Would a cat thus treated still have nine lives, or only, say, three? Such questions may sound frivolous, but I assure you that these



J.H.DOWD

DOLLY FOLK

Lavond . . . LIONEL BARRYMORE.
Malita . . . RAFAELA OTTIANO.

are precisely the things which the audience at this strange film want to know.



EDITORIAL RISIBILITY

MacWade . . . GEORGE BANCROFT.
Babe Bennett . . . JEAN ARTHUR.

lady. But what the story is all about is not clear enough, or what is the normal existence of St. Bernard's and other great dogs which by chemistry are diminished into little

But perhaps I had better reveal the plot. A French banker named *Lavond* (but not so French that he can pronounce "Madame" as they do in France), played by one of my favourite actors, LIONEL BARRYMORE, having been swindled seventeen years earlier by his three partners and falsely imprisoned, makes his escape through a jungle with an elderly scientist who believes that if sentient beings, two-footed or four, were smaller, they would need smaller meals, and who behaves accordingly. Having reached home, the scientist, assisted by a terrifying, lame and glaring wife named *Malita* (RAFAELA OTTIANO, who is a new one on me), immediately continues his interrupted researches in diminution, and having succeeded in creating several tiny creatures, including a perfectly formed pair of little Parisian Apaches, has heart failure and dies.

It is then that the banker realises that the materials for revenge are to his hand. Disguising himself as a benign grannie, he carries his midgets separately to his three partners and prevails on them to be interested; and



BACH NIGHT AT THE "PROMS."

"DO SWITCH OFF, DARLING. THEY MUST BE PRACTISING."

a poisoned stiletto, first applied by the female Apache and then by the male, who on their deadly errands creep about like mice, does the rest. Meanwhile, a love-story is being enacted between *Lavond's* daughter, *Lorraine* (MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN), and *Toto* (FRANK LAWTON), a taxi-driver, who have selected an upper-storey of the Eiffel Tower for their clandestine meetings. But by this time we are all so confused that we should not be surprised if the Eiffel Tower was suddenly no taller than a Belisha Beacon or Mr. BARRYMORE himself became Mr. Barryless.

The film, however, coupled with *The Man Who Can Work Miracles*, caused one to reflect that the cinema, having tried everything else, is now returning to the magical effects with which it began. Is this a sign of failure? I am not sure. But it certainly suggests that there are no more new devices. Even GEORGE BANCROFT, that colossal figure who used to manhandle gangsters, has returned to the screen to be a mere soft-hearted editor.

E. V. L.

Rosa Dolorosa.

[A writer in *The Times* takes a pessimistic view of the efforts made to eradicate the three principal diseases that trouble rose-growers. Repeated spraying is only a palliative. No certain cure is available, though the research work done at the Cheshunt Experimental Station, under the auspices of the National Rose Society, "if continued long enough will doubtless yield definite conclusions."]

THE rose from distant ages down
Has always worn the floral crown,
Witness the memorable praise
Of SAPPHO's few but peerless lays;
And yet the *amari aliquid*
In all these eulogies lies hid—
A sense of all too transient bloom,
A presage of decay and doom;
And bards of every generation,
Offering the rose their salutation,
Hail her more pensively than gaily,
From ROBERT HERRICK to HAYNES

BAYLY,
Whose "Wreath of Roses" plumbs the
bathos
Of mid-Victorian parlour pathos.
But poets, whether great or small,
Have failed entirely, one and all—

While vocal in expressing grief
That rose-life's portion is so brief—
To lend their aid and stop the rot
Of "rust" and "mildew" and "black
spot."

The scientific gardener gives
No cure but only palliatives;
Yet hope, eternal hope persists
Among the experimentalists
At Cheshunt, that research, pursued
With patience and solicitude,
If 'tis continued long enough,
Will yield some antiseptic stuff
Potent to extirpate and scotch
The canker with its "chocolate blotch,"
And bung *Botrytis*, fungoid freak,
Into the middle of next week.

C. L. G.

"Lost, vicinity Mil-
ton-Cameron Roads—
Brownish - black Cat,
light inside tail tip."
Newspaper Advt.



Bread.

I HAVE had to speak about bread before; the arrogance of bread, the absurdly inflated reputation of bread. Bread—and wheat—are giving trouble again. They generally are. There is either too much bread or too little—sometimes, strangely enough, both. Whichever it is, our unfortunate statesmen are deeply concerned, and everyone talks as if bread was the only thing that really mattered. And the plain fact is that bread scarcely matters at all, except to the worthy fellows who grow, bake or market it.

It matters, true, to a starving or a very hungry man. But even he would rather have something else. And almost anything else would be better for him. For—second plain fact—bread, as most of us eat it, is next-door to poison.

If you think that this is a mere layman's raving, read this terrible indictment by a doctor:—

"It is not the staff of life, and in its refined form it is verily the staff of death, for its use in this form, white, denatured, emasculated thoroughly, is one of the surest and the quickest roads of acidosis, the fatal alkalin deficiency that is the great cause of disease."

"Whole-grain can be used, even to some advantage, by the labourer, if taken in such combinations as will allow it to digest without the usual fermentation, but it is NEVER NECESSARY even to the labourer, and to the desk worker it is a continual and immediate source of danger."

These words are written by Dr. W. H. HAY, in whom I believe—indeed, I am on the HAY waggon, but of that more later. And that is not all he has to say about bread:—

"When we realize the extent to which bread is eaten, the blind dependence placed on this supposed 'staff of life' by almost the entire world, it is not strange that there is so much fermentation and consequent acid formation in the average digestive tract . . .

"We have seen children scolded, threatened, or even sent from the table because they were unwilling to eat more bread, or to eat it with every other article of food on the table, under the parental misunderstanding of the old idea that 'bread is the staff of life.'"

Haven't we all?

But Dr. HAY is not alone. Here is the Interim Report of the Mixed Committee on the Problem of Nutrition (a League of Nations body):—

"There is evidence that the defective bone formation and much of the dental decay among these children (London schools) would have been avoided by the inclusion in their diet of large quantities of the protective foods, such as dairy products, and therefore less reliance upon bread and other cereals."

And the "London report" is quoted:—

"White flour in the process of milling is deprived of important nutritive elements. Its use should be decreased and partial substitution by lightly milled cereals, and especially by potatoes, is recommended."

And I extract the following from the Table showing the

NUTRITIVE VALUE OF FOODS

Food	"Good" protein	Minerals	Vitamin			
			A	B	C	D
Cereals, bread (whole-meal)	+	+	+	+	—	—
Cereals, bread (white)	—	—	—	—	—	—

++ Signifies rich.

+ Signifies present.

— Signifies present in small amount or traces.

— Signifies absent.

Brown bread, then, according to the League of Nations, contains only one not very vital vitamin* and only a soupçon of "minerals." White bread contains nothing at all, not even "good" protein.

Any reader who is interested, as I am, in the true value of the braggart Bread will now turn naturally to the booklet, *Family Meals and Catering*, issued by the Nutrition Committee of the British Medical Association. And there, in the Table of Food Values on page 26, he will read with some surprise:—

Per lb.	Protein (grams)	Fat (grams)	Carbohydrate (grams)	Calories
Bread, white	32.7	0.9	218.2	1,037
Bread, brown	31.8	1.8	216.4	1,012

I say "with some surprise" because, at first sight, the B.M.A. do not seem to be in line with the League of Nations, to say nothing of Dr. HAY. Anyone who reads the B.M.A. and nothing else (as most people will) would suppose that white bread was capital food and superior in almost every way to brown. It has more protein, more calories, and almost the same amount of carbohydrate (brown bread has twice as much fat, but that will not commend it to everyone.)

Well, here is a mystery indeed. Look back at the League of Nations' Table. White bread, you see, is there credited with no "good" protein at all. The accent there, I suppose, is on "good," and the protein recorded by the B.M.A. must be "not good." It is impossible otherwise to reconcile these two high authorities.

But mystery remains. The B.M.A., you see, say nothing about Vitamins and Mineral Salts. The League of Nations dislike white bread because it has no vitamins and no minerals. Dr. HAY dislikes it because "it does not contain the vital chemical salts we require."† The B.M.A. do not seem to care. The explanation is, I think, that in this "practical" booklet for the "Lower Income Groups" (the latest name for the poor) the B.M.A. are considering bread as a cheap provider of heat and energy, and the League of Nations are thinking of a good "qualitative diet." But if the B.M.A. are going to issue booklets advising the people about their meals, ought they not to give "good" advice? Should they issue tables of Food Values which are misleading because they do not distinguish between "good" proteins and the rest, and do not account for vitamins and minerals at all? Or do the B.M.A. disagree with the League of Nations? The thing is baffling.

For my part, after prolonged inquiry, I give judgment in favour of the League of Nations and Dr. HAY. I find that white bread is no use, and brown bread is not much better, compared, that is, with other energy-providers such as potatoes, which have vitamins and minerals as well. And, as a disciple of Dr. HAY, I avoid the use of both white and brown with fish, meat or other proteins. For this is one of the fatal mixtures that make you fellows a mass of acidosis.

* "Vitamin B Complex (water-soluble).—The different constituents of this group are concerned with prevention and cure of beri-beri, pellagra, and possibly also of sprue and some forms of anaemia."

† "Nature placed them there for our use in the whole grain, but Man has refined them away, under the impression that he can improve on Nature, or to make them more beautiful, or more easily baked, or more easily handled or stored, or even digested."—*Health via Food*, page 129.

Listen to the League of Nations in praise of potatoes:—

POTATOES

"Special attention is called to the value of the potato as a food rich in calories and in starch, and is particularly suited to substitute ['Oh, dear!'] sugar and cereals in the modern European diet. The introduction of sugar and *white flour* to populations in remote districts has been followed by the occurrence of dental disease, previously unknown . . . A large proportion of *potatoes* in the diet encourages no such predisposition to *dental disease* as is the case with *cereals* . . . Potatoes are also a valuable source of *iron* and Vitamin C, and are of particular value because they retain a high proportion of this Vitamin C content after cooking."

The Message, then, is "Eat Less Bread—Eat More Potatoes." I am sorry for the bakers, but there it is. For the rest of the nation there is nothing but good. We can grow potatoes easily and well, but about the growing of wheat there is always trouble. And, if this gospel prevails, as I think at last it will, there is this special political advantage, that all the recurrent flap and panic about wheat and bread will cease to have any reality. It is founded on old customs and old phrases which are now out-of-date—on "the breadwinner," "our daily bread," "the staff of life," and so on. They are as dead as white bread. At the moment there is a flap because the price of bread is going up. The answer is that this is a good thing for the nation's health: we shall eat less bread. Rich and poor (especially poor), we eat too much. And if any person seeking to make political trouble exclaims, "The people cry for bread," the right answer is: "Then do not give them bread. It is bad for them." A certain French monarch once suggested that they should have cake instead. The monarch too was wrong. For cake, according to Dr. HAY, is worse. We should eat potatoes.

A. P. H.

Following Bread.

THE Editor of *Punch* declines to take a particle Of responsibility for the statements in the foregoing article. The reader may agree with it or he possibly may doubt it, But I don't intend to enter into correspondence about it.

EVOE.

The military authorities are to continue experiments, begun on manoeuvres, in lightening the pack carried by the infantry private. They are understood to be reluctant, however, to relieve him of the field-marshal's baton.

★ ★ ★

"The girls in my young day knew how to blush," writes a Victorian. We wonder what it was he said to them?

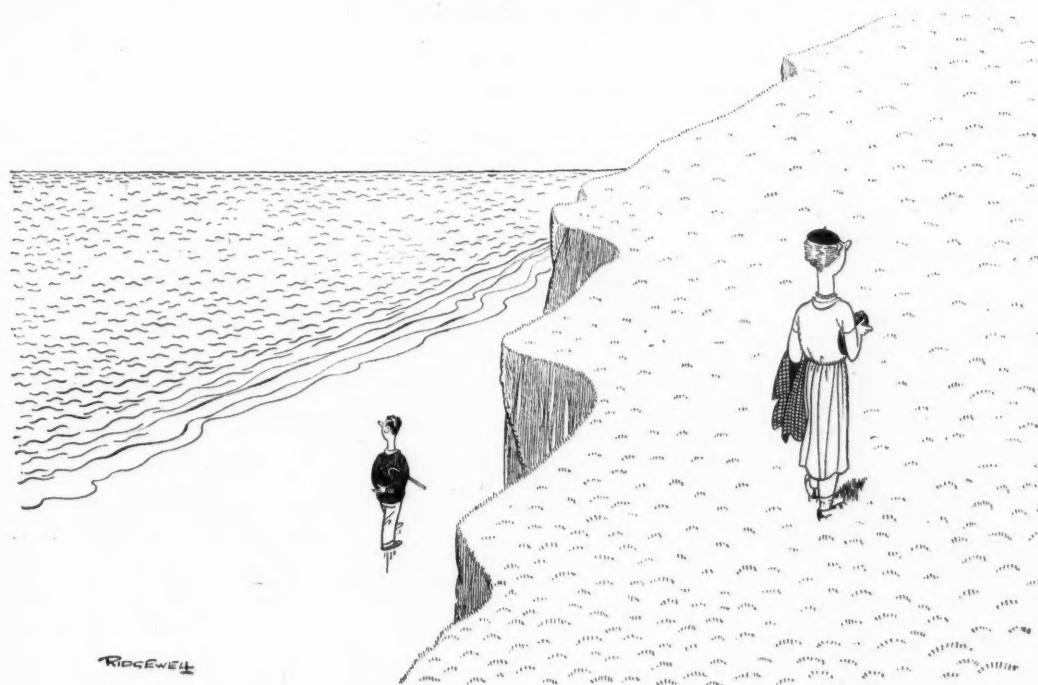
★ ★ ★

A publisher states that a good many books are written to-day by people with assumed names. They call themselves authors.

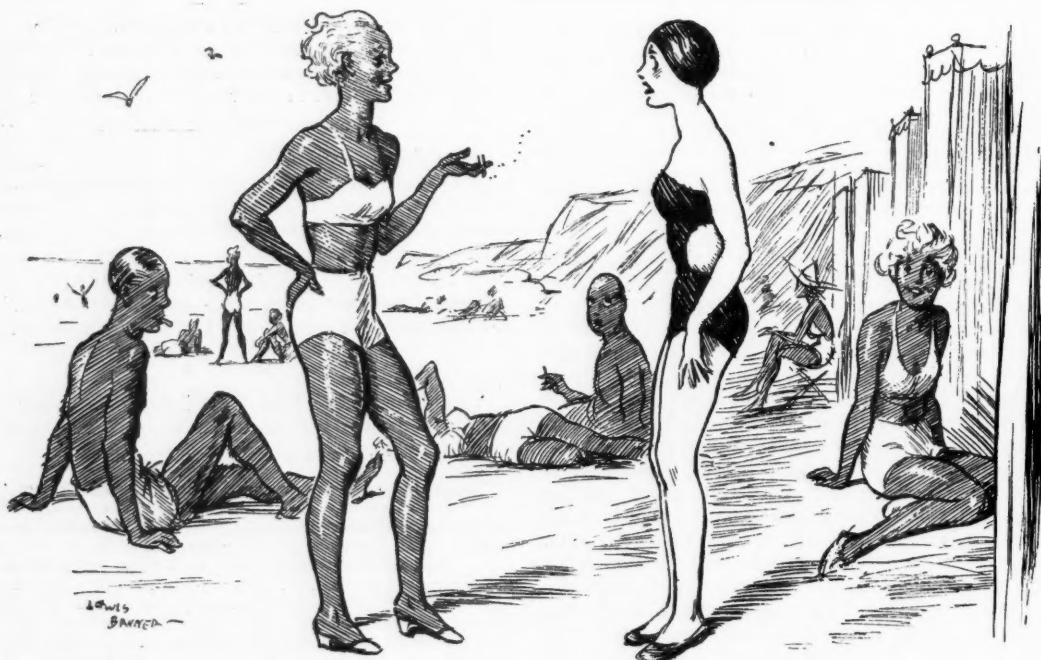
"The pangs of death, with no dying; the sickness of the soul which longs to escape and cannot; the imprisoned animal within the breast which struggles madly for a voice and finds none; all the agonies of all the ages, all these things were his in that moment . . . Then he found voice and gave a great cry, and men from below came up to him . . . Now a terrible dignity came to Chang, and the soul of his great fathers swept over him. He closed the door against them and fell prostrate. Those within heard strange sounds as of an animal in its last pains; and it was even so. Chang was dying . . . Prostrate he lay for the space of some five minutes. Then, in his face all the pride of accepted destiny, he arose."

From a Short Story.

Moral. Don't eat lobster for supper.



After the Quarrel. ". . . AND ANOTHER THING, IF YOU WERE A GENTLEMAN YOU'D OFFER TO CARRY MY COAT."



"DON'T WORRY, DARLING, YOU 'LL LOOK QUITE RESPECTABLE IN A DAY OR TWO."

A New Yarn Learned at Sea.

(A "Sea Serpent" has been seen off Withernsea, doing 100 m.p.h.)

"SEA-SARPINTS?"

(Ses my Gran'dad)

"W'en I sailed in th' *Nancy Lee*
W'y, I see'd one with these wery eyes!"

(An' 'ere 'e winked at me)

"In lat-i-tood ninety-nine, it were,
Off the coast o' Pombichree,
Two days out
From the port o' Djinn . . ."

"But, Gran'dad . . ."

"Ah!" (ses 'e)
"Twas a-noticed fust
From the mizzen truck
By Henery Brown,
A.B."

(An' 'ere 'e shifted 'is quid,
'E did,
An' chewed of it thoughtfully.)

"Ah! mor-tull tame it were!" ('e ses),
"W'en it swum alongside we;

For w'y? We fed the brute salt 'orse
From barrils, d'ye see?
The w'ich it took
From th' 'ands o' th' cook
To the number o' forty-three."

(An' slow an' calm,
'E spat on 'is palm
An' gently rubbed 'is knee)

"Till it cut an' run
With our Jimmy-the-One
(W'ich an' asty man wos 'e
And tried to resky a case o' beans
Wot was meant for th' Old Man's tea.)
Ah! 'e grieved fer them beans
Fer th' rest o' th' v'yge
Did *Captain Dungaree!*"

"But, Gran'dad . . ."

(E nodded 'is grey old 'ead)

"They wos beans-an'-pork, mark 'ee:
An' that was th' last we saw of it
Off the coast o' Pombichree

Making off at a good ten knots
On a course S.E. by E.
An' wot might be its size, you asks?
Two 'undred foot. Say three."

(E stared uncommon 'ard an' took
A pinch o' rapparee.)

Then, grinnin',
"W'y,
Gran'dad" (ses I)
"That's wunnerful, it be,
But nothink to the Sarpint wot
I see'd off Withernsea!
A 'undred mile an' ahr it went . . ."

(My Gran'dad started up
An' grabbed me be th' collar.)

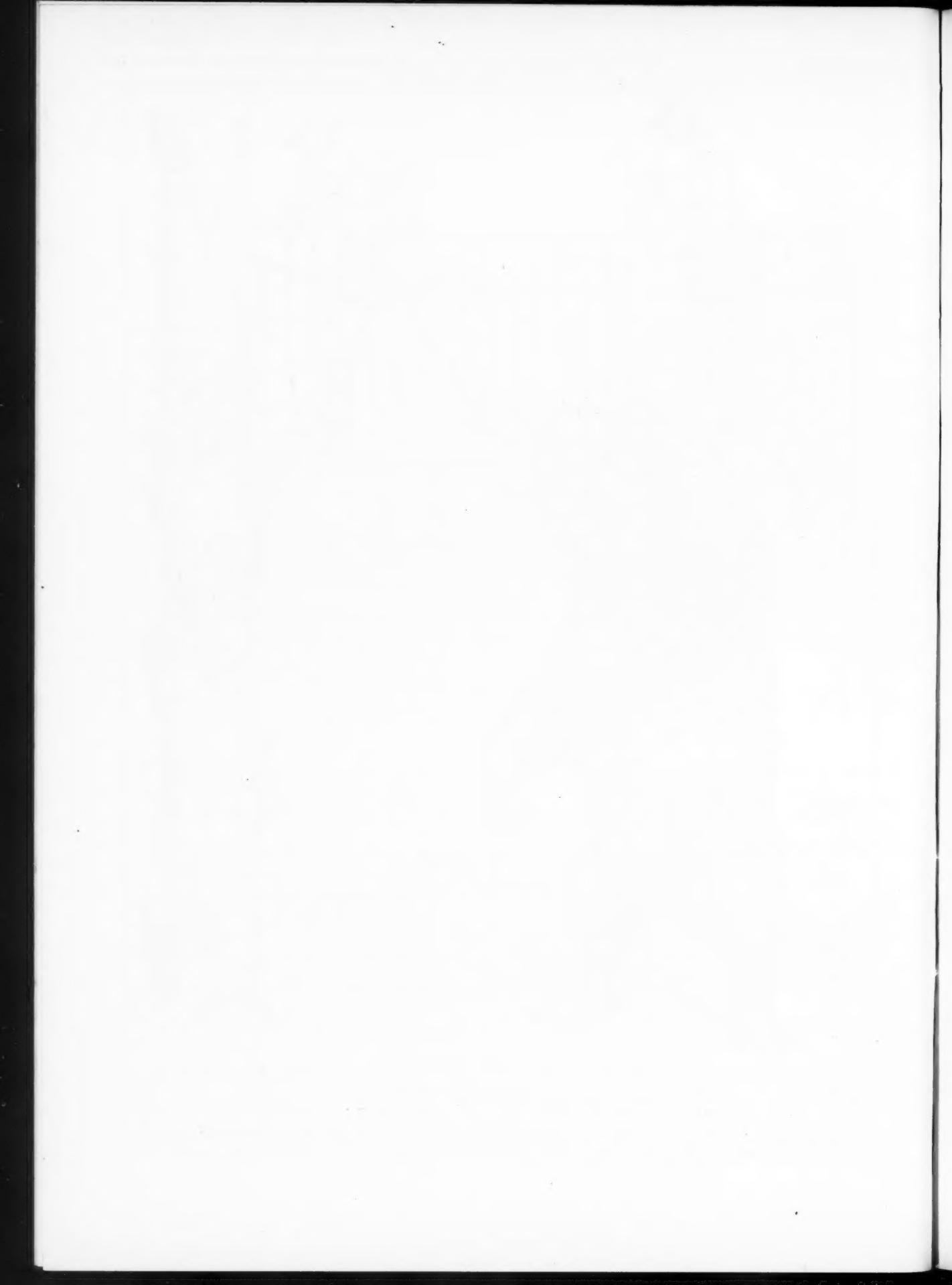
"Wot?
Ye impudent young pup!
To spin ME sich a yarn as that!"

(E swore a big, big D.
An' wiv a rope's-end wot 'e 'ad
'E took an' larruped me.)



THE BEAR-PIT OF EUROPE.

M. BLUM. "NO NEED TO GET SO EXCITED, ADOLF. I EXPECT HE'S MORE WORRIED ABOUT HIS OWN SORE HEAD THAN ABOUT YOU."





"SOMETIMES I DON'T CATCH MORE THAN FIFTEEN OR TWENTY THE WHOLE DAY."

Sentenced.

WHY did I venture with unwary feet
Upon the roads that lead to Wimpole Street,
And, careless, enter that consulting-room
Where dwells the monster who pronounced my doom ?
I wasn't really ill—just worn and tired;
I thought perhaps a tonic was required,
A temporary rest from work, perchance
A little sojourn in the South of France.
Rudely his sentence woke me from the dream;
Instead of rest from work a grim régime
That robs my daily life of all that's sweet,
With leave to earn the bread I may not eat.

For fourteen weary days I've peaked and pined;
I've never really lunched nor really dined.
Shall I then let this medico dictate
These daily tortures to reduce my weight
And tamely bear the implication that
There's nothing wrong with me but surplus fat ?

Why, he himself was not so very thin
(I really ought to point that out to him).

And probably, while he enjoins on me
Oateta, pineapple and milkless tea,
Himself in halls of light in festive mood
Absorbs great heaps of fat-producing food!
Why scruple, then, to break the tyrant's rod
And scorn to take my victuals at his nod ?
No; to the bitter end I'll face the grind;
I'll show the man I've got the strength of mind
To suffer deprivation of my food
And prove his beastly treatment is no good.

For two long months (two weary years they
seem)
I've borne the rigours of his foul régime;
I've followed his directions to the letter,
And—curse it—I am feeling vastly better.

We Return from Manoeuvres.

OUR battalion has just finished a strenuous week's manœuvres, during which we have been buzzed about hither and yon at every whim of Somebody Very Senior. Now that we have arrived safely back in Haveshot Barracks we are busy swapping experiences and congratulating ourselves on coming through without having been decimated or indeed having suffered a single casualty; except Private Sling, who has got 168 hours' detention for firing a blank cartridge at an umpire's horse. The Colonel was inclined to treat it as a mere ebullition of playful spirits till he elicited the fact that the blank had a lead-pencil in front of it.

Our Lieutenant Holster, it would appear, had about as good a time during the week as any of us. For he and his platoon of merry men were detached as a sort of guard to a special water-supply unit, which, in order to give a verisimilitude of real war, had to wander around testing and reporting on various sources of water. Theoretically most important, but actually, in civilised England with Company's water nearly everywhere, rather a sinecure. Indeed, Holster says the unit seemed to spend most of its time testing though *not* reporting on various sources of beer.

Holster's guarding job was also rather a sinecure because, although the theoretical idea was that in this restless modern warfare tanks are liable to bob up anywhere in your midst at any time, actually every soldier knows that in manœuvres there is only one tank attack per manœuvre, and when that is due to take place all the military attachés of foreign Powers are invariably there to see it. So whatever bloodcurdling warnings an umpire may give about fleets of tanks being reported two points on your starboard bow, you should always look round first to see if the neighbouring hilltops are crowded or not with Liberian Generals, Chinese Majors and Japanese tourists. If they aren't, then you can tell the umpire to run away and mine himself—under your breath of course.

The tank attack in these last manœuvres of ours did not come to much, largely through an over-zealous military policeman at a cross-roads in the rear who, finding it debouching from a flank, held it up with an enormous hand for half-an-hour while he let an ammunition column pass. The Argentines and the Greeks probably went away saying our police were wonderful; and Holster in his

back area knew that he could take things pretty easy for the rest of the time. No one therefore was more surprised than he—and of course the commander of the beer-supply unit—when late one evening while supper was cooking an armed posse of cavalry under a sergeant emerged out of a nearby wood and told them they were captured.

When Holster had been at length convinced that, though miles behind the lines, the cavalry posse actually was a hostile one, a long argument ensued. Holster threw his rank about a bit and point-blank refused to be captured; the sergeant tapped his carbine and respectfully insisted under pain of instant massacre; till finally this latter slowly realised how very, very far he was from home. He then explained quite frankly that he had been completely lost since eleven o'clock that morning and, incredible as it seemed, Holster's lot were the first troops he'd met. Choking down the suspicion that they'd captured the "White Horse" fairly early in the day and had only just evacuated it, Holster suggested tentatively that the sergeant allow his posse to be captured instead by Holster's platoon and then they could be provided with accommodation for the night in a barn he pointed out nearby. The sergeant drew himself up and said it was *his* capture and that he personally would die to the last man rather than sell the honour of a crack cavalry regiment. Or words to that effect.

The approach of night, however, and the smell of hot supper from a corner where Private Barrel, platoon cook, was doing his stuff, induced a more reasonable frame of mind and a compromise was arrived at. Neither would capture the other; further, the sergeant would be prepared not to have noticed Holster or any one else in the neighbourhood at all, and would retire with his men to a lonely bivouac in a barn he had just observed nearby. If, in return, some cigarettes and a dixie or so of what Private Barrel was inventing could find their way there . . . ?

Holster promptly agreed.

Next morning the sergeant and his men departed. Holster very carefully pointed out to them the shortest way home. He added that if they kept their eyes open they might be able to make a capture exceeding even in importance the big one that got away last night. He did not, however, add that further up the road he had indicated was an advanced Divisional H.Q. of his own side; nevertheless a few minutes later he got out a bike and just happened to ride in that direction.

It was worth it. A General disturbed in the middle of his breakfast by a respectful Mess-servant who removes his used bacon-and-egg plate and says, "Beg pardon, Sir, but there's a man outside who says you're his prisoner," is good. A General subsequently giving vent to his feelings in the road outside, waving a napkin in one hand and a piece of toast and marmalade in the other, is even better. It was a terrifying sight; but the sergeant was being equal to it. Holster innocently passed and repassed twice, catching snatches like "But, good God, man, I'm the General," and, "Can't 'elp that, Sir," and "I shall report you at once to your Commanding Officer," and "Orders is orders, Sir, and I 'ave you surrounded." Finally he left, well pleased.

Holster says he had hoped it'd bring the war to an abrupt end, but apparently the General merely rang up the hostile General—a thing not often done during a real battle—and after some acrimony on either side the enterprising sergeant was called off—with a free pass back to his own side. Then war was resumed two hours later. A. A.

In a Lanarkshire Mine.

It's dowie whiles in the pit,
Where ye've aye tae keep joukin' ye're
heid,

An' there's never a keek o' the lift
Till ye've wrought tae the back o'
ye'r shift,
An' ye'reen gets youkie an' fu' o' grit—
An' ye'se might as weel be deid.

But sin ye get thinkin' on Clyde
An' the links ahint Garrion Mill,
Hoo the fush will be risin' there
(No that far frae the Ferniegair),
An' ye'vee trysted a muckle troot tae
bide
Till ye get him—an' so ye will.

English Summer Idyll.

"LIFE IN THE FROZEN NORTH.
ARCTIC EXPLORER AT WINDERMERE."
Local Paper.

From Our Political Expert.

"From what can be gathered from such news as comes from Spain it would seem that unless there is a decisive victory for one side or the other soon, the struggle may continue for weeks, possibly months."

Channel Islands Paper.

"There was some opposition to a resolution of the Publicity and Attractions Committee to increase the charge for parking cars on the foreshore from 6d. to 1s."

Local Paper.

Holiday-makers will find it cheaper to leave their troubles at home.

Home.

"WE were lucky to get such a calm crossing," I said with forced cheerfulness to Edith as the Ostend boat chugged slowly—maddeningly slowly—into Dover. I spoke of the crossing in the past tense for psychological reasons, though we had still to endure that last ten minutes that is longer than the rest of the time put together. Neither of us had been ill, but I had got to the stage when one ruminates thoughtfully about the Meaning of Existence, and Edith was staring fixedly at a man with a very red beard and a strong cigar.

"Thank goodness it's an English train we are going to have tea on," said Edith, speaking very deliberately, "one of those sweet sort of French rolls would just about finish me off. It's been very jolly in Belgium, but I'm glad to be home again. There's nothing like England, after all."

As soon as we landed we cheered up immensely and were filled with all the exultation of the normally seasick who have for once escaped. We exchanged gay quips with the sombre men behind the Customs counter, hinting darkly that there were motor-cars in considerable quantities hidden in Edith's handbag, and offering to let the men run through my waistcoat pockets in search of gramophones and cutlery.

"And naturally we have cigars concealed in our tubes of tooth-paste and shaving-cream," I said, "but we are willing to make it worth your while if you will forbear to squeeze."

Then we passed gaily out to the freedom of the platform, and found the dear old green train, with that fat contented look worn only by English trains. We secured seats and then Edith espied a man with a trolley-load of steaming tea.

"Shall we?" she said. "I'm absolutely dying for a cup of real tea after the spectral stuff we have had in Belgium."

"Be strong a bit longer," I advised, "as soon as the train starts we can have a proper tea. You don't want to waste that first fine careless rapture on a single cup from a trolley."

She eyed the trolley longingly and was still eyeing it when the train steamed out of the station. Tea-myrmidons came along taking orders, and we ordered "two full teas." Then the tea-myrmidons returned, scattering plates and cups and saucers. But for us there were no plates or cups or saucers. We protested that we had ordered tea, and the man said that he would see about it, and disappeared



Hon. Sec. (as visiting team appear). "HUM! LATE AS USUAL AND A MAN SHORT!"

never to return. We tried to capture another man as he flew past, but without a landing-net the task was hopeless. Then our original man came back looking very tired and flustered and asked if we wanted anything.

"Two full teas," I said sadly. "We ordered them some time last year. Or maybe it was the year before last. I haven't got my diary, so I can't be absolutely certain, but I think it was a Wednesday."

"You seem to have been missed," said the man brightly. "I'm afraid you'll have to wait now until we have washed up after the first lot. Awfully sorry, but there are a lot of teas to serve."

We waited, and presently he came back, bearing a tray containing a teapot full of a mysterious dark fluid which he laughingly alluded to as tea. The only tea that looked like tea was some belonging to the last user of the plate in which our six biscuits swam

suddenly. A dry-looking half of a teacake and two small pieces of toast completed the feast.

"We could ask for bread-and-butter and jam," I said without conviction, "but as all these foreigners on the train have managed without it I'm afraid our attendant would regard it as the last straw. But it's not much of a welcome to England for them or us. And if we wrote to *The Times* about it we should only get some poor chap into trouble who isn't really responsible, and it would be a rotten end to a holiday."

"I think the Railway people rather rely on that," said Edith; "there's nothing like England, after all." So we paid our one-and-sixpence each and tipped the man and decided to buy a car next year.

"Evening fashions are worn *au naturelle*."
Fashion Chat.
Not by us.

At the Play.

"LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST"
(REGENT'S PARK).

THE critics of SHAKESPEARE have commonly been rather severe on *Love's Labour's Lost*, admitting it at best to be a juvenile work showing distinct promise, but then the critics of the last two centuries did not enjoy the advantage of seeing it acted in the open-air. More than most of SHAKESPEARE's plays it gains enormously from a setting which delights the eye the whole time. It can use all the support that the trees and bushes of Regent's Park on a summer night can give it, for there is undoubtedly a big difficulty in the way of a modern audience which wants to be absorbed in the story. *Love's Labour's Lost* belongs to the *Don Quixote* school; it parodies a kind of romance and certain habits of speech and pose, and those who have no direct knowledge of the originals cannot hope for the same zest from the parody as the audience for whom it was composed.

The King and the Princess are figures of chivalrous romance, made ridiculous in the eyes of the late sixteenth century. At this distance it is not easy to know when the elaborate badinage, the exercises of a repartee which is too often no more than the simplest punning, is intended to be directly amusing in itself and when it is intended as a burlesque, like *Patience*, of absurdities familiar to the audience. It cannot be right that the impression should be given that the *Princess of France* and her picked companions really thought each other delightfully witty, or that for all their advantages their lives were so empty that the most had to be made of every minute incident, so that the few antics of *Boyet* should perpetually succeed in enriching social life.

Those who play Shakespearean comedy are all the time faced with the difficulty that they must throw themselves into their parts without appearing as irritating simpletons. The way out lies in playing the piece with a swing, rapidly skating over the thin line and letting colour and movement enjoy their full weight in the action. In *Love's Labour's Lost* the figures of the sub-plot, the clergyman, the schoolmaster and the constable amuse themselves by their

verbal dexterity rather more than the royal circles. They are more eccentric



A ROVING EYE

Costard MR. LESLIE FRENCH.

and so give each other more to contemplate and ponder.

In the Regent's Park production, a

SPANIARD APPRECIATING THE PEACE AND
QUIET OF REGENT'S PARKDon Adriano de Armado . MR. BALIOL HOLLOWAY.
Moth MISS JOAN FRENCH.

triumph is scored by Mr. LESLIE FRENCH as *Costard*, the clown, who is equally at home in all company. *Costard* is brilliantly made up, as though he had been drawn in vivid crayons, and he tosses his remarks with a naïve delight, reminiscent of the American negro, in words as words. *Holofernes* (Mr. W. E. HOLLOWAY) has the same delight in a much vaster vocabulary, but his is not the delight of discovery but of professional skill. As *Sir Nathaniel*, Mr. VALENTINE ROOKES had a complete but perhaps not altogether legitimate success by parodying the clerical voice as it is known, on the music-hall particularly, at the present day. *Dull* (Mr. FRANKLYN KELSEY) is one of the pleasantest parts in the whole Shakespearean repertory; it makes itself, and Mr. KELSEY enabled it to do so.

In the higher walks, Mr. GYLES ISHAM made *Ferdinand*, King of Navarre, a man of exuberant delight in life. Mr. ISHAM can make his eyes sparkle with anticipation and an obvious refusal to believe that anything can go wrong for long. Mr. JOHN WYSE grapples firmly with the difficult part of *Biron*, and manages to make the longest speeches appear like a quite natural volubility. Mr. HUBERT GREGG

and Mr. GORDON EDWARDS as the attendant-lords *Longaville* and *Dumain*, contributed just that note of similarity in difference that enabled us to understand how their humours followed so naturally the vagaries of the *King*. They all made capital Muscovites, and the Russian interlude was a particularly cheerful affair. Miss PHYLLIS NEILSON TERRY made the *Princess of France* very regal, keeping her ladies at a firm distance, and making it very plain that fun went on as long as she felt like it, and no longer.

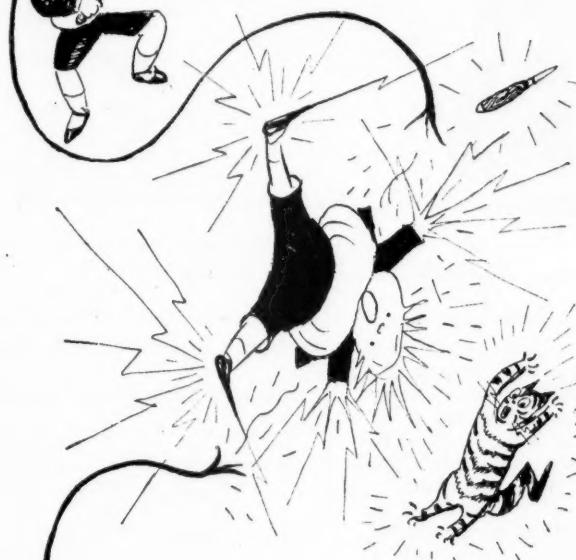
A word must be said about *Moth* (Miss JOAN FRENCH), who showed how a page with his wits about him can derive any amount of fun from his elders, and can contribute his own share, even in the service of so difficult a master as the egregious *Don Armado*, to whom Mr. BALIOL HOLLOWAY gave just the right touch of ugly and uncertain humour. Between its wild Russians and its fanatical Spaniard, *Love's Labour's Lost*, if full of unintelligible Elizabethan allusions, has gathered fresh allusions to events to-day.

D. W.

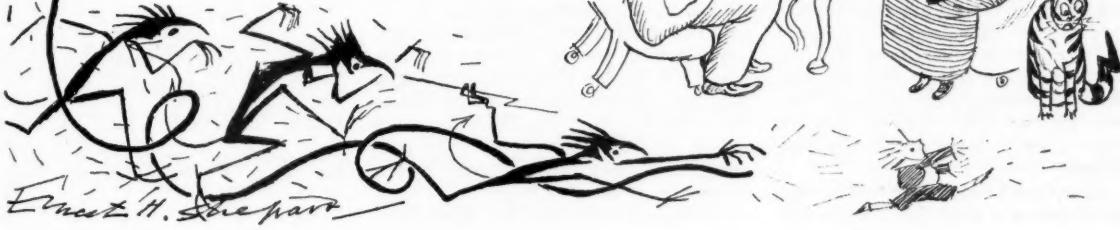
The Story of Disobedient David

YOUNG David was forbidden quite
To play with the electric light,
But when he asked the reason why
He got this very strange reply:
"Two hundred volts," his father said,
"Are quite enough to kill you dead."
"But what *are* volts?" the boy
inquired.
"Don't worry, child! Your father's
tired."

Now David, who was rash and bold
And seldom did what he was told,
At once determined to find out
What all this fuss could be about.
His pocket-knife he quickly drew
And cut the electric wire in two.



His parents searched for him in vain;
David was never seen again.
So now they sit (unhappy sight!)
And mourn their loss—by candlelight.
JAN.



Imprudent boy! A monstrous spark
Flew out at him—then all was dark.
Poor David shrieked in wild alarm,
For through his hand and up his arm
Two hundred raging demons leapt
And pinched and pricked him till he
wept.

Blindly he stumbled from the room;
He could not dodge this dreadful doom.
All over him the demons clung
And mercilessly stabbed and stung;
With horrid glee and fiendish grins
They plied their little red-hot pins.
They drove him, howling, down the
stairs

And out into the streets and squares,
And people wondered as he passed
How any boy could run so fast.



Ernest H. Shepard



"BUT CAN YOU RECOMMEND HIM AS A VET?"

"RECOMMEND HIM, IS IT? SURE, DIDN'T HE CURE WAN OF ME COWS TILL THE VERY DAY SHE DIED?"

Mr. Silvertop on Location.

Mr. Silvertop's rare talent for using three-ply led me to suggest that to a film unit he would be worth his weight in gold.

"Maybe," he replied, in no doubt as to his merit, "but the one go I've 'ad at films was enough. Corlumme! what a game! I was took down to what looked like one of the old base camps, miles of big 'uts, and a gent 'oo calls 'imself the Art Director shows me a lot of drorings for the front of a gamekeeper's cottage.

"'Got it clear?' 'e asks.

"'Cold,' I ses; 'but wouldn't it be easier to 'ire a reel gamekeeper's cottage?'

"'Ire a *real* cottage?' ses the Art Director, and 'e laughs fit to burst, and so does 'is secretary, one of those 'ard blonde pieces. 'That's rich! You've still got a lot to learn about the film business.'

"After that I didn't like to ask why they'd chosen a field for the cottage

about fifteen miles away across open country, but I guessed that all the high-powered limousines I saw standing about 'ad to be used some'ow.

"I was given 'arf-a-dozen chaps to 'elp me, and after four days 'ard we 'ad the cottage up and painted, all 'eld together with scaffolding at the back. A couple of lorries full of artifishul trees comes along with a gang of engineers 'oo screws 'em in so as to make the cottage a bit more rooral-looking by blotting out some reel trees what was growing just be'ind. By nine next morning the limousines 'ad unloaded a perishing army in the field. There was blokes in overalls laying wires all over the shop, blokes in shirt-sleeves rigging up all kinds of rum gadgets, and a good dozen very nobby young gents a-strolling about in double-breasted waistcoats. And by a great camera 'arf as big as the cottage stood the Boss, 'oo they called the Director, a long-aired cuss smoking a cigar like a copper's wand. 'E was in a 'ell of a rage.

"Where's that there Art Director?'

'e barks at 'is secretary, another blonde piece.

"'Flying to Paris about them silks,' ses she.

"'The 'eck 'e is!' shouts the Director. 'Ring 'im up and tell 'im I want 'im back pronto! Them chimneys is lousy and the door's like 'ell.'

"'O.K.,' ses the secretary.

"'Florrie and Bob ready?' 'e asks.

"'O.K.,' ses the secretary.

"'O.K.,' ses 'e, 'we'll re'earse.'

"'O.K.,' ses everybody except me.

"Florrie was the actress 'oo was playing the gamekeeper's lovely daughter, and Bob was the actor 'oo was playing the squire's narky-looking son—you know, the old, old story. Both of 'em was made up like nothing on earth. After the Director 'ad dictated a few cables at the top of 'is voice offering a stingy four or five thousand to some funny-sounding blokes in America and lit another cigar, 'e told 'em just what 'e wanted, and they started re'earsing. She 'ad to come out of the cottage ever so gaily, then suddenly look as if she'd

sat on a pin when she sees the 'orrid young squire an-ogling of 'er. Then she 'ad to say, very 'igh-and-mighty, 'I 'ates to think I breathes the same air as you, George 'Emingway, you skunk!' and beat it back into the cottage again.

"By one, when a lorry rolled up with an 'undred-and-thirty packet lunches on board, she 'adn't got as far as saying 'er line, because each time she come out the Director sent 'er back to try another sort of face. 'E 'ad a light snack 'imself off a cigar like a rolling-pin, and then they set to again. By six she'd found a face what suited 'im, and then the Art Director arrives. There wasn't 'arf a to-do between 'im and the Director, and the long and short of it was us blokes 'as to start shortening the ruddy chimneys and widening the door. When they starts re'earing again Florrie's in such a state that when she come to say 'er line she can't for the life of 'er remember what the animal is the young squire's supposed to be like; and after she's called 'im a stoat and a weasel the Director foams at the mouth and ses she'd better go 'ome and shoot 'erself, for 'e's tired of trying to do it. At that the young gents in the double-breasted waistcoats, 'oo've passed an 'appy day in 'aling gaspers, all stands up and ses 'O.K.' to one another very solemnly, and everyone buzzes off in the limousines. All except us chaps, 'oo works most of the night on the ruddy cottage.

"Well, you'll 'ardly believe it, but next morning soon as the Director sees the cottage 'e starts a-yelling for the Art Director again.

"Flying to Berlin about them glasses,' ses 'is secretary.

"'Ell's bells,' roars the Director, 'fetch 'im back at once! Them chimneys is far too short, and that blistering door's a sight too wide. It's a cottage, not a cathedral.'

"It's neither,' I thinks to myself, 'it's a loonybin.' Well, this sort of 'okey-pokey goes on for four days, by which time we'd pretty well built two new cottages. And I nearly drops dead with surprise on the fifth morning when Florrie gets out 'er line so well when the camera 'appened to be working that even the Director 'as to be satisfied.

"'O.K.' 'e ses. Everyone else breathes a sigh of relief and ses 'O.K.' too. Then I turns to the secretary and I ses, 'Thank 'eavens, Miss. Now we can get on with it.'

"With what?' she asks.

"With the rest of the scene, of course,' I ses.

"That was the scene, you pore sap,' she ses. 'Now you've got to pull it all down again.'



"I WAS TOLD BY A FRIEND THAT THE SCENERY HERE WAS EXACTLY LIKE THE SUSSEX DOWNS."

"AH! I DON'T KNOW SUSSEX."

"I asks you! All that worry and work just so as a fluffy-'aired bit can tell a young stiff named 'Emingway 'e's a skunk! I 'avn't been to the flicks since." — ERIC.

Derbyshire Hills.

THESE have the height to weary
But not the radiance to inspire;
These are the mounting-blocks, the
stairways, dreary
Beginnings, ladder-rungs that must be
climbed
Without spirit, without fire.

We bruise their kindly faces,
We cling to their rounded shoulders,
They pave a way to rarer higher
places,
And the green slippers of the Pennine
Range
Make footstools of their boulders.

And one says to the other:
"We be hummocky, broken, small,
But this I have seen since the Stone
Age, brother,
If there had not been hummocks to
start him
Man would not have climbed at all."

More Letters to the Secretary of a Golf Club.

From Lionel Nutmeg, Malayan Civil Service (Retired), Old Bucks Cottage, Roughover.

14th August, 1936.

DEAR SIR,—More than a fortnight of the Summer Holidays has gone and you have done nothing about the usual Juvenile Golf Competition. Parents have been telling me that they are absolutely exasperated by having their children continually on their hands, and it is up to you to relieve the situation.

I have my nephew Richard's child (Dickie) staying with me (R. and his wife will be coming home from Malaya in October), and, although Dickie has a tutor, the fool is half daft, having about as much control over his charge as a slug would have over a spider.

For heaven's sake, man, get busy and see that you make it a competition in which everyone plays everyone else at least six times.

Yours faithfully,
LIONEL NUTMEG.

P.S.—My housekeeper has threatened to give notice twice during the past week, once when she found a hedgehog rolled up in her night-dress, and once when Dickie took the kitchen sieve to keep his lugworms in.

From Mrs. Little, Rosemary House, Roughover.

18th, Tues.

MY DEAR MR. WHELK,—I am so glad to hear you have at last decided to have a Children's Competition, but do see that Nathalie plays with that nice Webster boy, whose people have so much money. It might be so useful to her when she grows up.

Yours very sincerely,
LUCINDA LITTLE.

From Mrs. Harrington Nettle, Flagstaff Villa, Roughover.

Tuesday.

DEAR MR. WHELK,—My nephew Tony has entered for the Competition and wants to know if he can play in a bathing-suit. As he won't take "No" from me, do please write me a terribly definite letter saying he will be disqualified if he does.

I do think it so sweet of you to give up so much of your time to encourage the coming generation in all that is fine in our Royal and Ancient game.

Yours sincerely,
GERTRUDE NETTLE.

From Mrs. Truelove, Château Ichneumon, Roughover.

19th August.

DEAR MR. WHELK,—My grandson

is staying with me just now and he is 3½ years old. May he play in the Competition or even help you by giving out score-cards or something. He has been having trouble with his teeth and we all feel that it would be a good thing if he had something to do to take him out of the house.

Now do be a good soul and arrange anything.

Yours very truly,
M. TRUELOVE.

From Lady Madge Forcursue, The Cedars, Roughover (By Hand).

20th August, 1936.

DEAR MR. WHELK,—We have the Follicles ghastly children staying with us and I wish them entered for the Golf Competition to-morrow. Jean is 14 and Henry 11.

Henry, by-the-by, will be taking Fang, our Great Dane, as a caddie. Fang is fairly good-natured, but in order to avoid risks I will send Plugg (our chauffeur) with the General's horse-whip. You may have heard that Fang killed the Bunkerlys' Alsatian last Friday.

I'm afraid that if you cannot arrange

this you will get into hot water, as my husband is very keen on getting some peace to prepare his long speech on Re-armament which he will deliver when presiding at the Bazaar next week in aid of the District Nursing Association.

Yours sincerely,
MADGE FORCURSUE.

From Admiral Charles Sneyring Stymie, C.B., The Bents, Roughover.

21/8/36.

SIR,—What in the name of Fortune were you playing at on the Links this morning? I was twice held up at the 3rd and 15th by those confounded children, and at the 17th nearly had my hat removed by a club hurtling through the air from the clump of broom near the big bunker.

Yours faithfully,
C. SNEYRING-STYME.

P.S.—Thudd tells me he saw one child trying to harpoon another with a flagstick.

From Frank Plantain, Greenkeeper, Roughover Golf Club (By Hand).

Friday, 21st.

MR. WHELK, DEAR SIR,—Them children put one of their niblicks in the blades of the mower when Raikes was cutting the 9th green to-day, and now we have nothing left to cut anything with but the old scythe that was got in 1926. Please say what had better be done per bearer.

Yours Sir, and right fed up I am too,
FRANK PLANTAIN.

From Mrs. Little, Rosemary Cottage, Roughover.

Friday.

DEAR SIR,—Nathalie came back from the Competition and told me you had made her apologise to that horrid Webster boy because she pulled his hair. What business is it of yours whose hair she pulls?

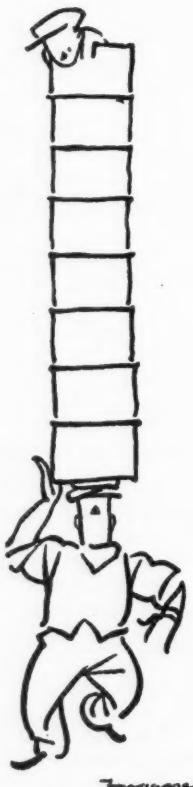
I should have thought you had been secretary of a golf club long enough now to realise that the less you interfered in other people's affairs the better.

Yours faithfully,
LUCINDA LITTLE.

From Mrs. Harrington Nettle, Flagstaff Villa, Roughover.

Friday evening, 21st.

SIR,—Tony tells me that beastly Nutmeg child won the Competition to-day, and this is to tell you that I am quite sure he must have cheated, as my husband says his Great-uncle Lionel is one of the most deceitful men he knows, which is saying a lot, being a member of your club.



STOWAWAY.



"YOU'D BETTER COME IN 'ERE TILL IT STOPS RAININ', GEORGE. YOU DON'T WANT TO GO AND GET ALL RUSTY."

Why was there only one prize? Tony was second, and I think it most unkind that he was not given something. It is quite obvious to me that you do not like children.

Yours faithfully,
GERTRUDE NETTLE.

From Mrs. Truelove, Château Ichneumon, Roughover.

Friday.

DEAR SIR,—Why did you give my grandson so much gingerbeer and ice-cream at the Competition to-day? He has been looking simply ghastly all evening, moping about and complaining of pains in the back of his neck and hardly able to utter one civil word in fifty.

It is a great pity you have no children of your own—if you had you might realise they haven't got pickled insides like General Forcursive, Mr. Nutmeg, the Admiral and all the other unpleasant people who "hold up" your Club bar.

Yours truly,
M. TRUELOVE.

From the Honourable Norah Spoon, Roughover.

21st August, Friday.

DEAR SIR,—I have just heard my niece Daffodil was disqualified because she bit her opponent on the 3rd green. I think it most ungenerous of you not allowing her to play on, especially after the help I gave you by subscribing all that money for the Autumn Trophy.

Yours faithfully,
NORAH SPOON.

P.S.—Daffodil tells me she bit her opponent to try to prevent her from improving her lie in a bunker.

P.S. 2.—I was very glad to hear one of the Quintley twins had an eye-tooth knocked out. The Quintleys are most unpleasant people and this will do them a lot of good.

From Mrs. Brassie, The Rectory, Roughover.

22/8/1936.

DEAR MR. WHELK,—The Roughover Herald has a photograph of you on the front page looking after the Children's Competition yesterday. Why are you

standing in front of Willie? I think it most out-of-place the way you thrust yourself to the fore when not wanted. Surely even you can appreciate the fact that it is the Children's only Big Day of the year, and this being so it is your duty to remain in the background.

Yours faithfully,
MIRIAM BRASSIE.

From Mrs. Badger, 3, Links Road, Roughover.

22nd, Saturday.

DEAR SIR,—Robin struck himself twice on the head (badly) when making a practice swing on the 1st tee, and he was also snarled at by Fang, General Forcursive's dog. I have heard that you were voicing your opinion in the bar late last night that R. had been teasing the animal, but this is quite ridiculous as he has a couple of doves of his own and always feeds them (when he remembers) after breakfast each morning of the holidays.

He says his nerves were so shaken by Plugg cracking a horse-whip that he could not putt.



"WELL, THERE AIN'T NO OFFICIAL GUIDE TO THE OLD CASTLE HERE, BUT I DON'T MIND DOING MY BEST."

The competition must therefore be played all over again.

Yours truly,
KATHLEEN E. BADGER.

Lady Madge Forcursue, The Cedars, Roughover.

Saturday, 22nd August.

SIR.—Henry came back from the Club yesterday brandishing a corkscrew. On being questioned where he found it, he said he took it from your pocket when you weren't looking. My husband wants to know the meaning of this. It is all most unfortunate as the Vicar, the Reverend Cyril Brassie, was here about a preliminary meeting for the Girl Guides and he overheard everything, and seemed very put out that you should carry such a thing on your person.

Henry also told me he inadvertently set fire to one of the curtains in the reading-room and you boxed his ears. I suppose you were teaching him how to smoke.

Do you realise that assault is punishable by Law? You may expect to hear from the General about this shortly.

Yours faithfully,
MADGE FORCURSUE.

From Dr. Edwin Socket, Roughover (By Bearer).

22nd August, 1936.

DEAR PAT.—Can you tell me if the Trueloves' grandson had any pegtees thrust down his throat by the Hutchison child at the Competition yesterday. His grandmother tells me she is quite sure he had, and that the child is lying when he says No.

The X-ray reveals nothing but a couple of shot-gun pellets, probably accountable for by the fact that he had cold grouse for breakfast this morning.

Yours ever,

E.

P.S.—Reply by bearer immediately.

From Lionel Nutmeg, Malayan Civil Service (Retired), Old Bucks Cottage, Roughover.

22nd August, 1936.

DEAR WHELK.—I am glad you were able to arrange that Dickie won the competition yesterday and I must thank you for carrying it through to such a successful and gratifying conclusion.

I am sure you have had some very grateful letters from parents as the event must have acted as a sort of general blood-letting, and have tapped the youngsters' flow of energy for a bit.

It has quite taken the salt out of Dickie; he has been lying on the sofa all this morning and I am beginning to think the child has some human points after all. I am most grateful to you for all you have done.

Yours very sincerely,
LIONEL NUTMEG.

P.S. (Later).—This afternoon Dickie pulled the tail off my housekeeper's Prize Wyandotte cock, punctured both tyres of the fishmonger's bicycle, emptied a tin of machine-oil down the gardener's neck and uncorked several bottles of my famous collection of preserved Malayan snakes, laying out the corpses on my bed.

P.S. 2.—You are a fool.

G. C. N.

Making "Silk" Purses out of Sows' Ears.

"FARMERS' FEAR OF NEW PIGS CONTRACT. BAN TO BENEFIT IF PRICES GO UP." *Daily Paper.*

"The statement that Professor —— has discovered a new kind of mosquito is untrue."—*Newspaper Report.*

What really happened was that a new kind of mosquito discovered the Professor.

Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

A Bohemian Infanta.

THE reminiscences of an Infanta of seventy, aunt to ex-King ALFONSO, should exhibit, you feel, political as well as personal interest. Yet, though the *Memoirs of Her Royal Highness the Infanta Eulalia* (HUTCHINSON, 16/-) deal with a certain amount of past history, their writer was for the most part merely a royal pawn in the Looking-glass world of her elders and betters; and, though her comments on their activities are often as shrewd as *Alice's*, she naturally saw little more of the international game than a square at a time. Her unhappy marriage to a Bourbon-Orleans cousin next but one in succession to the throne was forced to take place before the birth of the posthumous ALFONSO. This and an acute sense of the shiftless egoism of the Spanish aristocracy rendered her favourable to social upheavals which might alleviate, she felt, the lot both of the poor and of dynastic victims like herself. She represented Spain, however, at the Chicago World Fair, and in Cuba; and her verdicts on a dozen royal hosts—particularly on the TSAR and the KAISER—are obviously better informed than her subsequent enthusiasms for PRIMO DE RIVERA and MUSSOLINI.

Solid Work.

I confess to a weakness for those novelists—all too few in these days—who build on a solid foundation. Sometimes, it is true, it seems a long while before the story begins to move, so that the modern reader may even decide, being an impatient animal, to lay down the book and try something lighter. Mr. FRANCIS BRETT YOUNG is perhaps one of our most careful builders. He puts a lot of work into his books. In order to produce *Far Forest* (HEINEMANN, 8/6) he must, one imagines, have gone through a course of intensive training, living now among the chain-makers of the Staffordshire border, now in a coal-mining village, and for some time with a hop-growing farmer in Shropshire. He seems to have most of the secrets and all the terminology of these various professions at his command. We feel that we are in competent hands. The story moves slowly but surely to a just and proper conclusion. Startling events happen before *David* and *Jenny* come together again in the old stone cottage that had been the home of his ancestors, but Mr. BRETT YOUNG takes them all quietly in his stride. Men may commit murder and be hanged in Shrewsbury Gaol but he is not going to make a song about it, so to speak. The unfortunate *Badger*, for all that he is *Jenny's* husband, is arrested, tried and sentenced



"GARN, I WAS ONLY 'AVIN' A DOSS; YOU CAN'T DO MUCH TO ME."
 "CAN'T I? I'M GOING TO CHARGE YOU WITH BREAKING AND ENTERING,
 LOITERING ON ENCLOSED PREMISES, AND RESISTING A POLICE OFFICER IN THE
 EXECUTION OF HIS DUTY!"

in a few lines. Our author has more important matters in hand—indeed, by this time we are already close to the five-hundredth page. Novels of this stamp are apt to grow rather bulky, but they last. *Far Forest* is sound stuff.

Diary of a Bachelor Uncle.

Mr. DENIS MACKAIL has given a pleasant new twist to his entertaining talent in *Back Again* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6), the illuminating journal of a retired business man, home after twenty-five years' exile. *Ned Marsden* at seven-and-forty faces the scanty identification-marks of a ravaged London, an elderly brother and sister-in-law, a grown-up niece and nephew, the gawky eldest son of his firm re-incarnate as its competent head, and the love of his inarticulate youth transmuted into a wealthy widow. The prime poser, of course, is the question of his own future.

He can afford not only to down tools but to marry the still attractive *Lena*. On the other hand there is the usual domestic imbroglio at *Malcolm's*—the parents well-meaning and purblind, the children idle, unsettled, superficially tiresome, fundamentally decent, needing an outside eye on their difficulties and, inevitably, financial backing. Where and how is *Ned* to throw his weight? For all his contemporary modulations—and very cleverly indicated they are—our hero obviously belongs to the great and waning family of *Cheeryble* and can be counted upon to react accordingly.

Power of Attorney.

Whatever its detractors may say of the American legal system no one can deny that it gives Mr. ERLE STANLEY GARDNER scope for some exciting fiction. The methods adopted by his lawyer, *Perry Mason*, in the cause of his clients would hardly be approved by the Bar in this country, but in America such things apparently are possible, and in that there is good cause for thankfulness. The *Perry Mason* stories are first-rate entertainment. A dynamic central character, high-speed action, a well-constructed mystery and almost invariably a thrilling Court-scene at the end of the book—these are the ingredients. *The Case of the Sleep-walker's Niece* (CASSELL, 7/6) is the latest of the series—the eighth in all—and like the others it has to be read at a sitting, though it is not to my mind quite as good as some. Still, there is no real falling-off. What does disquiet me is *Perry Mason's* descent towards politeness. His sublime rudeness to all and sundry (but in particular to his clients) has always been one of his most endearing characteristics, and it is a shock to find him becoming here at times almost civil. This will never do. In his next book—to be called, one notes, with interest, *The Case of the Stuttering Bishop*—Mr. GARDNER will please take steps to check this degenerate tendency.

Hervey Russell Once More.

In writing *None Turn Back* (CASSELL, 7/6) Miss STORM JAMESON seems to have had two motives, between which she has hardly established a sufficient connection. One was to evoke the atmosphere and the passions of the great strike of 1926; the other and the more compelling to continue her serial portrayal of that talented, self-centred, possessive and rather tiresome young woman who was once *Hervey Russell* and is now *Hervey Roxby*. And, although both she and her unlucky second husband do their little bit on behalf of the malcontents, the social episode has

no essential effect on *Hervey's* story, for her main preoccupation during that memorable week is with the anticipation, to the heightening of her already well-developed habit of introspection, of a dangerous operation, which in the end she successfully undergoes. The result is that the careful and quite vivid chapters dealing primarily with the strike and those really touched by it have an apparent irrelevance. Figures are introduced and arouse our interest, only to be left, so to speak, in the air; relationships are established between them and left unresolved. It is possible, however, that we shall meet some of them again and have our questions about them answered. For, though this is the third volume of *The Mirror in Darkness*, it is not by that token necessarily the last, and it is difficult to believe that we have heard the last of *Hervey*. She has become too much Miss JAMESON's alter ego to be abandoned in a nursing-home.

Wisdom and Wit.

Although Mr. DUDLEY BARKER, in *Lord Darling's Famous Cases* (HUTCHINSON, 8/6), has not attempted to write a biography, it is impossible to read his book without obtaining an intimate and vivid impression of an outstanding personality. When Mr. Justice DARLING was raised to the Bench a hullabaloo over the appointment arose. In a short time, however, the objectors ceased their clamour, and indeed a study of these cases, which Mr. BARKER has so ably reconstructed, will convince even the most sceptical that Lord DARLING was both a wise and human judge. Mr. BARKER begins with "ARMSTRONG, the Polite Poisoner," and the trials of STEINIE MORRISON, Sir ROGER CASEMENT, GEORGE JOSEPH SMITH, and many others of almost equal interest follow. It is well that the Great ROMNEY Picture Case has been included, for in that most pleasant trial there was an atmosphere which incited both Bench and Bar to give a free display of wit and humour.

In Search of Information.

When a young man, at the outset of *The Nine Waxed Faces* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6), is sent on secret service to Innsbruck, those of us who are familiar with Mr. FRANCIS BEEDING's work will expect *Colonel Granby* to lose no time in appearing. And sure enough he not only arrives, but is promptly engaged in a contest which for sudden and dramatic changes of fortune cannot be surpassed. I wish that Mr. BEEDING would not make international politics such a prominent feature of his stories, but I freely admit that in this tale he provides a series of adventures and misadventures which are full of pith and palpitations.

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